

Into The Frontier

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Summary: A sudden, violent attack from the Interstellar Manufacturing Corporation has left the UNSC shaken and stunned. 6 Months in and victory is slipping into the IMC's grasp. With reinforcements from their sectors arriving daily, Lasky sends a small cohort on the last resort; an all out attack on The Frontier in an attempt to destabilize the IMC's expanding and ruthless war machine.

AU

Into The Frontier

I have a massive love for Titanfall. Its whole design and universe is my meat and drink. I personally believe it could blend well with Halo's universe. This is a stab at said crossing over. Be aware Halo fans, I am NOT up to grasp with all the Halo fluff, so please no harsh feedback. This is an AU where anything goes really. Any ideas to add, please add in comments, enjoy!

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><p>Chief walked confidently through the empty streets, the Spartan's brilliant sage armour reflected zero light from the open sky on the evacuated world of Providence. Behind Chief were a group of Spartans of various armour types and ranks, basic recruits and even field commanders accompanied him. Even with the Spartans, Chief couldn't resist the offer to have a small group of ODSTs to back him up, the elite human Orbital Drop Shock Troopers sported rocket launchers, rail guns and practically every anti-armour weapon the UNSC's armoury had to offer. It was a small squad, but it was enough. Chief was sent by the United Nations Space Command fleet 'Peacemaker' to investigate Providence after it received a planet-wide SOS that said planet was under attack by an unknown human force. Marshall Wachowski came to conclusion that it was merely a rebel assault. Chief was sent in with his small hit squad whilst the fleet itself hid away, ready to warp in without a moment's hesitation should a full-scale assault from space be needed.<p>

They roamed the streets for over an hour, finding nothing but abandoned buildings and flames of devastation. It truly was a ghost world now. A noise echoed through the streets, drawing a grunt of curiosity from the Master Chief. He stalked forward when him and his companions were frozen to the spot, unsure what they heard. It was a shrill metallic howl that came skyward, and Chief gazed upwards to see just that. A ball of raging flame was rapidly descending down towards the Spartans. Cortana seemed to be gazing through Chief's visor with him, and her computer calculating mind kicked in.

"Woah! Chief! I'm detecting heavy robotic signatures in that object. ITS COMING RIGHT ON TOP OF US!" Chief didn't need to hear anymore, thrusting his palm back to the Spartans and ODSTs, Chief began to back up forcefully, his cold steely voice like a compulsory guide to his soldiers.

"Incoming! Everyone, find cover!" As he seized a large rock to hide behind. Other Spartans jumped in through building windows, two to three Spartans or ODSTs following them, others just fell in single file behind Chief's rubble. The ball came dangerously close to the impact point, metal flacking off in all four directions as it took shape of a large machine. The fire died as it crashed heavily to the ground mere metres away from where Chief previously was, and violently caused the ground to quake, and caused those not braced to stumble with murmurs of worry. The humans risked looks over their 'cover' to no threat. They exited their makeshift cover at the sight before them.

It was surrounded by a transparent icy blue dome, evidently some sort of shield to defend it from falling from the sky, as it is designed to. The machine itself however was hard to describe. It was humanoid in form, sporting two arms and legs; a mecha. It fell and landed in a knelling position, both four-fingered hands placed palm flat on the now cracked tarmac. It was roughly the size of a Mantis walker. Roughly, meant it was most likely taller. It had broad shoulders, the body itself had for some reason folded, the first half of its chest folded upwards whilst the second was downwards. It revealed a small compartment, including a chair and control panels. As the squad cautiously approached the machine, the chest compartments folded sharply, the face revealed. The chest protruded slightly, but in a round sort, and in the chest was a singular orb, that turned intelligently, illuminated by a cold, unfeeling sapphire eye. The machine stood to full height at a fast pace, almost stunning. Chief interpreted correctly. Five and a half metres tall. At least. Taller than a Mantis at least.

"Sir. Sir? Reckon we should call in the reserve Mantis?" A British ODST inquired, reminding Chief of the Spartan Jackson waiting in a pelican, who was experienced at piloting the lethal weapon platform. Chief shook his head slowly, putting across the message that the Mantis wasn't required. Yet. The large chalk-coloured construct stared down at the humans and its left arm moved towards a large construct stowed away on its back. Chief didn't even need to think but his and the squad's arms were slowly and cautiously raised to a ready position. Coincidentally, Cortana said to Chief, her voice laced with concern.

"Uhhâ€|Chief? That's not UNSC armour." The mech's left arm drew from its back, and the moment the shaft of its chosen object came into

Chief's/Cortana's sight, it was highlighted in yellow, Cortana scanned the item with the speed of light. Diagnostics, functions, size and usage was calculated in seconds. "Large rotating projectile weapon firing 1.6 inch slugs at a rapid rate of fire. Chief it's a chaingun, and that mech is NOT friendly!" Chief bolted back with a grunt, the other Spartans/ODSTs received the warning straight away, or some did. Those that did bounded back into buildings or into rubble, whilst others learnt too late. The mecha came to a stance and squeezed the large trigger mechanism. The chaingun barked furiously, the storm of slugs crashing into 2 Spartans and 3 ODSTs. The shock troops didn't last seconds, their corpses flung back with missing limbs and ruined bodies from the force of the shells. The Spartans however, despite their shields, size and overall genetic superiority, the chaingun laid them low, and the soldiers crumpled to the ground, steaming with the holes the chaingun punched into them.

"Jesusâ€¦!" Chief muttered, the ground shook violently as the mecha drew closer, the chaingun's nozzle steaming from the fusillade of bullets spent. Chief wasn't sure, but he counted around 60 slugs spent on his comrades. Overkill at its worst. Five ODSTs armed with rail guns and grenade launchers nodded and stepped out of cover, much to Chief's protests, and into full view of the angry titan. It prepared to fire, and as it squeezed the clutch, the gun failed to cooperate. Ammo ran out even for this thing. As it grasped the large cylindrical drum on the chaingun, the ODSTs aimed their guns to fire. But then the mecha shifted its position, displaying a large pod on its right shoulder. With the rushing sound of a violent hurricane, a swarm of unguided rockets arched into the ground, clutching the ODSTs in death's grasp. Those that weren't killed outright by the rockets' wrath were thrown like ragdolls. They crashed into the buildings and surrounding rubble, and killed all the same. Chief crashed his armoured fist into the wall out of frustration as the mecha slammed a fresh drum into the chaingun, loading the large gun with another lethal payload.

"Chief. I'm detecting a very simple AI coding inside that thing. It shoots whatever it sees. It can't shoot at two things, not even WITH that rocket salvo on its back." Chief was secretly thanking Cortana for her brilliant mind.

"So, You're suggesting we split up into these rows of buildings, divide its fire then hit it from behind?" He knew the plan anyway, but he just wanted to hear Cortana admire her brilliance.

"Yup. Trust me coming from an AI like myself." That brought a ghost of a small smile to Chief's face. And he was sure it brought one to Cortana's. He turned to face his squaddies who were in the opposite building to them.

"Alright! Masters, you and your guys stay inside and draw its attention. We'll circle around and attack from behind. When I give the signal, enter the street to draw its fire and expose its back." He shouted as the mecha came closer to their cover.

"Say what?!" The other Spartan, known as Sergeant Masters howled in shock, after being told he was to be the bait.

"We have to exploit its weakness. It's the only way!" Chief shouted as the mecha rounded the corner, raising its chaingun to him, preparing to slaughter them in the corner. "NOW!" And Chief raised

himself, leaping through the window above him and shattering the glass with his body weight. The remaining ODS'Ts leapt through with him as the chaingun wound up. One ODS'T was unfortunate as a hail of rounds impacted into him as he climbed through, the vicious bullets splattering his head from his shoulders into fragments of gore. The trooper's body collapsed with a crash onto the broken glass. Chief urged his men to continue, and they broke into a sprint through the long corridor of their flank route, the walls collapsing and flecking around them as the machine pursued them on the outside, its limited AI trying to interpret their next movements. One burst of rounds hit true, as it shredded the wall and passed through the rear ODS'T's legs, the damage resulted as a series of gruesome compound fractures. Yet Chief sped on, abandoning his fellow human to a screaming demise as walls collapsed onto him, the mecha's work finished.

The other Spartans awaited the Master Chief's call, quadruple checking their DMRs and the one Spartan Laser. Masters, who Chief would give the order to tossed a grenade up into the air multiple times; it was reserved for the mecha. His grip tightened as his earpiece crackled, 117's voice clear through the loud ambience of chaingun and rocket fire.

"Sergeant Masters, get this thing off of us! We're pinned here!" The sergeant disabled his earpiece and seized his assault rifle, whistling to his comrades and summoning them up with a gesture. They ran into the street, Masters pulled the pin off the grenade. He pitched it with all his might, his hatred for the mecha following it.

"Come get us, you tin can piece of SHIT!" The grenade exploded, but something was wrong, almost as if it exploded on a glass pane, the explosion never made contact on the mecha, but shaped around an invisible wall, the dust pluming at an angle, and outlining the field. As the smoke rapidly cleared, the sergeant noticed a pattern of cyan hexagonal-shaped energy distort, then disappear into thin air, as if it sustained damage. He shook his head briskly as the mecha stumbled, but it wasn't enough as the mecha turned clumsily to face its assailants. "Shit." Masters rasped, activating his earpiece and hailing Chief again, who was now stepping into view behind the mecha. "Sir. This thing has a body shield of some type. My frag harmed it but the mecha itself is still standing." He heard Chief's grunt, and then was awarded with a clear response.

"We have a rocket launcher." The earpiece crackled off, and the sergeant noticed the mech was winding its chaingun up to blast them into oblivion and darted into cover with his men as they narrowly avoided the torrent of steel.

The ODS'T set up his lethal ordnance, and Chief gave the order to fire when ready. Cortana's brain nagged at her about a particular thought, and she shared it with Chief.

"Chief, that machine had a cockpit inside of it. Everybody saw that. With every cockpit there is a pilot. So where is the pilot?" Chief saw a hazy red icon on his motion tracker appear behind the ODS'Ts, but before he could react, as the rocketeer announced he was about to fire the ODS'T's head twisted 180 degrees with a wet snap, the soldier collapsed with a final thud and a bloody gurgle. Chief saw the small shimmer of an actively camouflaged figure, which revealed itself as the cloak vanished in a series of flickers. He was clearly male, and

human. Dressed in light combat attire with sturdy boots and an odd piece of kit on his back. His head was shielded by a full helmet with a single white optical eye in the centre which seemed to be scowling. The helmet sported an antenna. The uniform colour was the same blanché white as the mecha. This was the pilot.

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><p>As the ODSTs and Chief raised their weapons, the pilot was already on top of them, the backpack revealing itself as a kind of jump kit. It's exhaust cast blue fumes and the pilot leapt in a nimble somersault over both an ODST and the storm of assault rifle bullets that would have killed even a Spartan. Drawing a lethal carbine of his own, the pilot shot downwards into the back of the ODST's neck mid-somersault, the trooper going stiff and freezing in paralysis, blood running down the crevices of his armour. The pilot landed flawlessly behind and back to back with the paralysed ODST, who after momentarily jarring, fell flat to the ground like a tombstone with a series of twitches. The pilot holstered his carbine and swiftly entered a lightning melee combat with the remaining four ODSTs. ODSTs were unbelievably fast in melee fighting; it wasn't enough. The pilot countered every punch, kick, grapple or snare the ODSTs tried to throw at him. Chief couldn't risk firing into the scrap without risk of hitting his own men, but he was powerless to intervene, as the pilot's jump kit allowed him to wheel around, hop over and dash into his opponents. He was too fast even for a Spartan.<p>

He snared the wrist of the first ODST, locking his arm straight and making the soldier roar in pain. The pilot then drew a wicked curved knife lined with strange USB-like ports, and rapidly jabbed the serrated blade twice into the exact same spot on the ODST's jugular. Blood jetted from his throat and the ODST collapsed to the ground, clutching at his punctured throat. Three to go. With a roar, the next ODST charged the pilot from the rear. The pilot turned to face him, deflecting the ODST's now wild swings. The pilot responded with a series of rapid jabs to his ribs like a piston. The ODST stumbled backwards in a series of spasms at his now broken ribs as the pilot followed by grasping the edges of the ODST's helmet, rising his knee mercilessly into his face and cracking the visor glass. The knee rocketed the ODST to the floor and the pilot, with the help of a boosted jump, landed right foot first onto the ODST's face. The boot crushed the visor entirely and crushed the ODST's face even more. Two left.

The final ODSTs charged from both angles, one armed with a magnum pointed to the pilot's head. The unarmed one was dealt with quickly as the pilot stabbed his foot into the ODST's face with a straight kick, discombobulating him and stunning him still. With lightning reflexes, the pilot bounded over the ODST and seized him as a shield as his comrade fired the magnum. Three rounds impacted into the ODST's heart and sternum, killing him instantly. As the other ODST screamed in horror on what he did, the pilot forcefully shoved the corpse into the ODST, slamming the trooper off course allowing the pilot to follow up with a disarm. As he attempted to recover, the pilot slapped the gun up into the air with a sharp kick to the ODST's wrist, following that up with a brutal chest kick, which flung the ODST to the floor. The pilot naturally caught the magnum as it descended into his hand, and he snapped the cache, aimed at the ODST's head, and fired as he raised his hand for mercy.

Chief had never seen a human fight more fluid and more efficient than an ODS'T before until now. The last soldier flopped to the ground, the visor was caved in dead centre of his forehead. The pilot locked eyes with Chief, and the singular helmet eye seemed to bore into his mind. The pilot pointed a gloved finger at Chief, who proceeded to raise his assault rifle at the pilot; this guy was more than a match for a Spartan.

"I like you." The pilot muttered truthfully in a crisp British accent, Chief's aim unaltered. The pilot however grunted derisively, his cold voice callous and unfeeling. "But I think our little game has ended here." He turned, gesturing to his mecha with an outstretched palm like he was advertising a product. Chief looked past the arm to see the mecha was stationary and unmoving, simply raining hell down on his Spartans who were pinned behind the rubble, the rounds ripping apart the Spartan armed with a grenade launcher. Masters only just managed to claw the valuable weapon into his cover before its rounds obliterated his arm. "Ya like the Titan? Atlas chassis. My personal favourite." The pilot then let his arms drop, cocking his head at Chief. "You've seen this Titan fight, eh? Time to see what it can do piloted." It was both a statement and a warning. Chief silently cursed and fired a continuous stream of lead at the pilot. He discarded the magnum and cartwheeled around the bullets, before being propelled by his jump kit to the wall of a building. Chief was baffled to see the jump kit kept the pilot on the wall, as he spun on his heel and began to furiously sprint along the wall. The jump kit seemed to give the pilot extreme reflexes and parkour skills. Even as Chief tried to fire where the pilot's feet were to be next, the jump kit was increasing his speed too much as the pilot bounded from the wall and onto the floor, bolting over to the rear of his Titan.

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><p>Masters saw the image of the pilot approach the Titan from the rear, and what scared him most, is the Titan sensed his pilot coming. The Atlas crouched, its chest opening to reveal the strangely comfortable cockpit. The pilot dropped down, his momentum carried him in a slide underneath the Titan's groin. His Atlas apprehended him by gently grasping and catching the pilot in its right fist, before it rose to a stand, placing the pilot inside the cockpit. Mechanics whined as the AI mode went offline and pilot mode was engaged. The Atlas had the reflexes of the pilot himself, firing with much more accuracy and advanced on Masters' team in long strides. Masters distracted the Atlas with the grenade launcher, the lethal payload disrupting the blue field around the Titan. It stumbled slightly, but regained its bearings. The pilot grumbled inside the cockpit at the formidable damage his Titan was sustaining, but received the 'WARNING! INCOMING UNKNOWN ORDNACE!' prompt too late. A bright red flash illuminated the streets briefly, the precision laser crashed like a thunderclap into the Titan, the shields whining in defeat and dissipating in a flash of red. The Titan was taken aback a few steps, the view from the cockpit scrambled, much to the pilot's annoyance. It stabilised for the pilot to see a lone Spartan standing confidently in the street, flagging its middle finger in challenge.<p>

"THAT'S RIGHT, YA MOTHER FUCKER! SPARTAN LASER FOR THE WIN!" The Spartan hooted in glee, his pose defiant. The pilot cracked his neck,

straightening his Titan and preparing to charge.

"Heh, little shit." The Titan began a headlong charge at the Spartan Laser, seeing the orb of scarlet charge at the nozzle. Time seemed to slow as the beam was blasted from its muzzle, and the pilot shifted with the Titan's own jump kit. Blue plumes exploded from the right exhaust, and the Titan darted to the side, the Spartan Laser missing the Titan's shoulder and vaporising a window behind it. The Spartan began to back off in a panic, attempting to charge the laser again, but it was too late. The Titan dashed forward and punched its large metal fist onto the Spartan. Even with his armour, nothing stopped the Atlas' fist from pummelling the Spartan into a red mess, the annihilated remains of a lower torso crumpled to the floor, whilst the Spartan Laser clattered next to the splayed legs. Masters was now revealed, and had nowhere to run. He began to back off in a frenzy like his comrade did, his voice wild with terror as he hailed the pelican circling above.

"Jackson! Get your Mantis down here now! We need it no-arrgh!" His shrill cries echoed through the streets as the Atlas slammed its foot down upon Masters, the Spartan's body crushed beneath the clawed foot. His arm went limp from his headset, fresh blood tainted his paling lips. He was already dead, or dying at least, the Atlas withdrew its foot before drawing back, and punted Masters like a wrecked football. Masters slapped and crashed around the streets, before coming to rest at the body of a destroyed car. Chief sighed, before hailing the pelican once again.

"Jackson, this is Sierra 117, Masters is down. Deploy the Mantis." With that the comms went dead a high-pitched howl accompanied the Mantis' descent, landing with a crash and engaging the Titan with rapid fury. The Titan shuddered from the machine gun fire, the pilot's eyebrows narrowed at the warning from the Titan OS.

"Caution, unidentified mech is attacking you." Licking his gums the pilot made his Titan turn whilst thanking the OS.

"Alright. Let's dance baby." The pilot whispered to himself, and charged the Mantis, blasting the chaingun at rapid pace. The Mantis suffered considerable damage, whilst Chief had Cortana scan the Atlas for weak spots whilst singing to herself in a hurried voice. Chief's comms crackled to life, a rasping and panting voice gruffly bellowed.

"Argh! Sir, the Mantis ain't gonna take much more damage, and this pilot is a smart cookie. He'll adapt to the rocket launcher after the first try!"

"Then fire the damn weapon, Jackson!" The Mantis straightened itself as the Atlas reared back for a punch, ready to smash the Mantis clean off its legs. The rocket launcher on its left arm clicked into life, firing 6 large warheads dead into the Titan's face. Like the Spartan Laser did, the shield collapsed in a flash of red. The Mantis followed up with a straight kick, the clawed foot tearing shreds of metal from the Atlas chest, and causing the Titan to drop to a knee.

"YES! In your fucking face!" Jackson hooted, and attempted to follow up with another kick. This time, the Atlas swatted the foot away, and

rapidly rose to a stand. Jackson cried in surprise and prepped the launcher for a second volley. Jackson however presumed correct, as the Titan grasped the left arm of the Mantis, tearing it off in a shower of sparks and oil. Jackson howled in fright again, throwing all plans into the wind and readying the machine gun in a rash attempt to blast the Titan away. The pilot merely chuckled, and holstered his Titan's chaingun, before grasping the Mantis' offending limb and shoving it aside. Curling its right fist, the Atlas punched upwards into the cockpit of the Mantis, taking the mech off its feet and causing it to dangle. Grasping what he wanted, the pilot released the arm and pulled the Titan's fist out of the Mantis' head, Jackson drawn out ungracefully into the Titan's fist. The Mantis crumpled to the ground, its death throes a series of brief whines. The Titan stared at Jackson briefly as he wallowed in the large fist, the servos in its hand whining in pressure as he crushed Jackson like a fruit. With a brutal throw, the Titan pitched the dead Spartan across the street like a ball, just as Cortana found the Achilles heel.

"Chief, get on its back, pronto!" Chief broke into a sprint, narrowly avoiding the swinging fist of the Atlas. Using the pilot's tactic, Chief broke into a slide, under the Titan's groin and swung onto the Titan's back. Carefully he climbed upwards thanks to a series of steps on the Titan's back before coming to rest on the shoulder, gazing directly into the peak of its 'head'.

"Alright, now you should see a plate with a handle on it. Turn the handle ninety degrees clockwise and the plate should come off." Chief did the instructions to the letter, seizing the hazard plated handle, turning it and tearing the plate. Chief was then revealed to a series of strange internals illuminated by a scarlet glow. "Ok, this looks important." Chief drew his assault rifle, steadying it, the muzzle contacted the systems.

"Mm-hmm. Very important." He squeezed the trigger, the rifle barking furiously into the Atlas systems, sparks flew as the bullets shredded the vital components. Inside the cockpit, a warning siren blared, a small red prompt appearing on the top of the visor.

"Caution. Hostile is on-board your Titan." The pilot scowled at the OS warnings, and tried to dislodge Chief manually. The Atlas swung a clawed fist at the Spartan, who ducked multiple times, the Atlas's core whining in defeat. The small internals dangled out, the scarlet light now furiously flashing as the Titan's frame shuddered in its death twitches; Chief killed the Titan.

"Titan is doomed, core unstable. Eject. Eject." The OS blared, and the pilot swore with annoyance, heaving a large crank under his seat with both hands, his seat catapulted through the Atlas' top porthole. Chief heard the high pitched howling of the Titan's core, a sign it was going to explode. With grace, Chief leapt from the construct, landing perfectly on his feet as the Titan combusted violently, the upper torso shattering into flaming debris. Chief eyed the Titan's legs as they collapsed with a stumble. He looked to the skies to see a small shape descend from above the Titan's death point. Chief holstered his rifle and broke into a sprint to intercept the falling pilot. With a large leap, Chief timed a perfect kick, the pilot's gut falling straight into Chief's heel and propelling him to the floor with a wheeze. Chief landed flawlessly on top of him, rifle drawn to kill at any moment. The pilot was extremely dangerous but he was

merely human. He writhed under Chief's feet with moans, his helmet rolled away from his head to reveal a relatively young face, with mud brown hair and eyes. He stared into Chief's visor, and spat blood onto his leg plates.

"Fucking A. That was some kick ya gave me. Might have broken a rib." He coughed again, correcting himself, blood lining his jaw and lips. "Or ten." Chief grumbled, before seizing the pilot, the ginormous Spartan then hoisted him into the air by the scruff of his uniform.

"Too many good soldiers died because of you today. I should kill you right now. But we need some information on who you are. Where you came from. And who you fight for. Under authority of the United Nations Space Command, I, the Master Chief, place you under arrest." He threw the pilot to the ground, seizing his arms and placing them in shackles. The pilot laughed and turned his eyes back to Chief.

"You think this is over, Spartan?" Chief froze inwardly at the recognition of his status. "This is just the start. The UNSC is fucked. And the IMC are coming." Howls sounded through the sky, the sound waves breaking more windows. "Ah. Right on cue." Thousands of warships warped in from space, visible to Chief's eyes, all soaring above the sky. "Chief, allow me to introduce you to my mates. The Interstellar Manufacturing Corporation, or IMC for short." Chief froze, as the ships the UNSC appeared through their own warping technology, engaging immediately with the IMC. Cortana was speechless at this phenomenal start to a new war.

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><p>I did seem a little lost with this, but I hope you enjoyed this. Oh, Disclaimer! I Do not own Titanfall or Halo, or anything related to said franchises. Remember, any suggestions please give in either PM or commenting. if this gets enough praise I WILL continue it.

****RecklessRedcoat****

End
file.